BEWARE THE ROGUE.

Deep in the shadow of her hazel eyes,
Waiting to capture men, Love lurking lies.
Her glances are the arrows of his bow,
Wherewith he lays unwary victims low:
And she, unused to Cupid's artful wiles,
Unconscious aids his purpose by her smiles,
And knows not, as her smiles and glances dart,
What anguish these may bring to many a heart.

Ah! hapless maiden, innocently gay,
No presage of the future breeds dismay:
She does not know how soon the treacherous guest
Will make her heart the haven of unrest.
Ungrateful Cupid! Soon from her he'll fly,
And seek a refuge in some lover's eye,
Then from that point of vantage aim a dart
To pierce and agonize her maiden heart.
—Thomas Dunn English, in Harper's Magazine.

AN ASYLUM DANCE.

As this story traveled in a roundabout way it may have been elaborated and built up before it came to hand, but the facts, as nearly as they can be learned, are about as follows:

Mr. Melton, a young man interested in the lumber trade, traveled on asuburban train one Friday night to attend the weekly dance at the asylum for the insane.

Mr. Melton is constantly longing for "experiences." He would rather look at an opium joint than a donation party, and would rather go "slumming" than attend a Sunday school picnic. The ball at the insane asylum appealed to his love for the picturesque. Lowry, the politician, had promised to take him out, and Melton had not allowed him to forget the promise.

Lowry came aboard the train at one of the stations on the way out, and the two were warmly welcomed when they arrived at the asylum, for this Lowry was a companionable man of considerable influence.

As Melton stood in the doorway of the ballroom and glanced at the rows of well-behaved and rather-abashed people against the wall, he could hardly believe that he was so different from the others. He reflected that if he were to arise some morning and tell the other boarders that he was the emperor of China and had more money than he could use, he might become one of this company.

Except that many of them were pale and melancholy and a few of them were heavy-eyed intent on studying the floor, the assemblage would have compared favorably with any chance gathering of respectable everyday people.

He knew, of course, that the violent patients or those totally demented were not allowed at the ball. The company was made up of convalescents or those whose vision was merely twisted so that they could not see things in their proper relation. Some of the younger men had attired themselves with particular care and wore buttonhole bouquets. Many of the women, too, bore the outward signs of gayety. Melton was rather disappointed. He had wanted to witness something "uncanny."

"I want you to dance this evening," said Superintendent Lucas, standing at his elbow. "One trouble with the visitors is that they stand around and stare at the patients as if they were a lot of freaks. Now these people are not dangerous. You needn't believe everything they tell you; but if you mix up with them and are friendly you'll find them very easy to get along with. Come on, I'll introduce you to some of them."

The little orchestra was tuning up, and a patient who had been installed as floor manager was giving a correct imitation of a sane man who had been thrown under the same trying responsibility.

Melton had attended many evening parties, but he felt a new embarrassment as he passed along a line of demure women patients, and bowed to each of them in turn. He shook hands with several of the men, and then backed up to the wall to watch the opening. The superintendent, standing beside him, said: "Oh, by the way, you must meet Miss Caldwell."

He beckoned to a young woman who was talking to the leader of the orchestra, and as she came across the room Melton whistled to himself and said: "Here's a case of blighted love, and she's not over 20."

"Miss Caldwell, I want to present Mr. Melton," said the superintendent. "He's rather bashful in company, but perhaps you can entertain him. Now I'll go and look after Lowry."

Melton found himself staring at a very pretty girl, who returned his gaze in half-frightened manner.

His head buzzed, and he never before was so much in want of a topic. How was he to begin a conversation with a young woman who might fancy him to be the prince who had come to rescue her from the tower?"

"Do you dance?" he asked, in sudden desperation.

She gave a start, and he imagined that she shrunk back a little.

"I'd rather not," said she, timidly.

"Well, then, let's sit over here in the corner and watch the others."

They found an out-of-the-way place, and Melton, who had recovered a little, remembered the instructions given him by the superintendent.

"These dances are very pleasant little affairs," said he. "They seem to be attended by an agreeable lot of people."

"I think it's a good idea to have them," said she. "You know most of these people, of course."

"I've met a number of them," he replied.

"You like Mr. Lucas, don't you?"

"Very well, indeed. Nice fellow."

"He didn't tell you, did he, that I was a cousin of his?"

Mr. Melton began to suspect the nature of her delusion. He resolved to be diplomatic.

"Oh, yes, I knew that," he said. "So you're a cousin of Mr. Lucas?"

"Yes. I'm here visiting him. I've been here about two weeks. Mrs. Lucas is so good to all the—people here, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. She's very considerate."

Melton now understood the situation. This girl did not know that she was in an asylum. They had told her that she was a visitor.

"It's a nice place to come for a visit," said he. "I came out here with a friend of mine, a gentleman named Lowry. I live in Chicago."

"Oh, yes. Well, I'm sure you'll like it out here."

"I'm sorry I can't stay longer. I'm going back to town to-night on the late train."

"Going away to-night?"

"Yes, I have to go to Milwaukee in the morning."

"Why do you have to go there?"

"I'm going up to see about a deal in lumber. I may buy some hardwood lumber up there."

"How much?" she asked.

"Well, she's inquisite enough," thought he, but he was tolerant and answered: "Oh, perhaps 1,000,000 feet."

"Oh, 1,000,000 feet! Won't that be nice? I hope you'll get it."

Melton was rather amused at her interest in his affairs. He began to question her.

"Will you remain here long?" he asked.

"No, I'm going to leave in a few days and go to New York. I have an uncle there, and I expect to take a trip with him on a yacht."

Melton repressed a smile at the reference to the "uncle" and the "yacht." He resolved to investigate further. He had heard that patients were always willing to talk of their delusions.

"I notice that you are wearing an engagement ring," said he. "So you are to be married, are you?"

For a moment she appeared startled and then laughed heartily.

"I'm engaged to one of the nicest fellows in the world," said she. "You're not jealous, are you?"

This was more than Melton had bargained for. He had been impelled by the curiosity of the student, but he was not enough of a ghoul to have fun with the delusions of an unfortunate girl. He had detected the maniacal tone in her laugh.

"Oh, no," said he, hastily. "I congratulate you."

She laughed again.

"If I remain here I'll have her violent," thought he. So he excused himself and hurried over to rejoin Lowry.

As they rode to the city on the late train Melton told Lowry that the most interesting patient he had met was a girl who thought she was only a visitor at the asylum, and who expected to go to New York and ride on a yacht, and who, saddest of all, wore an engagement ring and really believed she was soon to be married to some nice young man, who existed only in her disordered brain.

No longer ago than last week Melton was at luncheon in a quiet restaurant. He looked up from the bill of fare and saw at the next table—the asylum girl!

She was radiantly attired and was chatting gayly with an elderly woman.

"By George, she's cured," said Melton to himself. "I wonder she remembers anything that happened. If she does remember, it will be mighty embarrassing if she happens to recognize me."

Then he asked himself whether it would be proper to speak to her in case she recognized him. He knew the society rule as to ballroom introductions, but he had never learned what was good form in the case of asylum introductions. If he spoke to her he would have to refer to their former meeting. That would be painful to both of them.

Suddenly the pretty girl looked toward him and gave a startled "Oh!" and then blushed furiously. He was recognized! He simply stared at the bill of fare to hide his confusion.

The voice of Superintendent Lucas aroused him.

"This is Mr. Melton, isn't it? Come over here. I want to tell you a story."

"No, no!" exclaimed the young woman.

But, Mr. Lucas, who had come into the restaurant to keep his appointment with the woman, seized Melton by the arm and led him over to the other table.

"Mary," said he to the elderly woman, "this is Mr. Melton, who came out with Lowry that night. Melton, I'm going to tell you this: You've met Miss Caldwell."

The girl's face was one fiery blush, and she seemed ready to cry.

"Well, sir," said the superintendent, without pity. "She met me that evening you were out there and told me that the most interesting patient she had met was that Mr. Melton. She said you seemed to be all right until you started to talk about lumber."

"I'll never speak to you again," said Miss Caldwell, decisively.

"And, by the way," continued Mr. Lucas, "she says you asked her if she was engaged."

"Really, I must apologize," said Melton, a great light breaking in upon him. "I wouldn't have talked that way only I thought—well, you didn't say—I supposed she was one—"

"What!" exclaimed the girl.

Mr. Lucas roared and poor Melton collapsed. Then there was a general understanding. They insisted that he take luncheon with them and he did so, devoting the entire time to a labored explanation.—Chicago Record.

Too Bad.

A prominent Washington physician who owns a cranberry meadow on Cape Cod was entertaining an English cousin some years ago, says the Post of that city. One night at dinner cranberry sauce was on the table. The Englishman was delighted with it. Indeed, he expressed his pleasure so much and so often that after he had returned to London the doctor sent him over a barrel of fine Cape Cod cranberries. A month or so passed, and then came a letter from the Englishman. "My Dear Mr. So-and-so," it said, "it was awfully good of you to send me those berries, and I thank you. Unfortunately, they all soured on the way over."—Youth's Companion.

MORE GENIUS THAN GUMPTION.

Inventors Whose Ideas Have Made the Wrong Men Rich.

Just why inventive genius and guilibility should go together it is hard to say. Certain it is that inventors are the most guileless individuals in their dealings with others on business matters, and fall easy victims to the spiders who lie in wait for such flies. The list of clever men who walk to-day while those who ride owe their luxury to the other man's genius and their own shrewdness is an interesting one. Here are a few cases picked haphazard from the chronicle of inventions that fail to benefit the inventor, or, at least, produced for him merely a little of what was his due.

It is not necessary to be very old to remember when hooks were first put on men's shoes in place of holes, in order to save time in lacing the shoe at the top. This was the brilliant idea of an inventor to whom it should have brought a fortune. It would have done so had he been a shrewd business man. Being merely an inventor, he hadn't sense enough to keep his idea to himself until the patent office padlock had secured it against theft. In the innocence of his nature the inventor confided the idea to a friend, while crossing the North river on a ferryboat, and the friend hardly waited for the boat to tie up in Jersey City before he excused himself, started back to New York and went on a dead run to a patent lawyer, in order to have the idea secured for his own especial benefit. Another man is known to-day as the inventor of the lace hooks. He owns a splendid house, and is wealthy. The confiding inventor got nothing.

The inventor of a patent stopper for beer bottles, something that had long been wanted by the trade, sold the invention for $10,000 to a man who recognized its great money-making value. The purchaser is now worth $5,000,000, all of which he made from the sale of the patent stopper. Out of the goodness of his heart he presented the original owner of the patent with $30,000, so that the man got $40,000 in all for his $5,000,000 idea. To give some notion of the value of the patent rights on this bottle stopper, it may be said that when the patent expired and others began selling the stopper, the price came down from one dollar to six and seven cents a gross, and even at this enormous reduction a good profit could be made.

This last inventor was treated with princely generosity, however, in comparison with the genius who devised a pocketbook clasp in the shape of interlocking horns with balls at the end, that snapped shut with a slight pressure. The idea was afterwards applied to gloves, and became very much in favor. The inventor relinquished his prize for the magnificent reward of a kidney stew dinner and 50 cents, the latter to pay the inventor's expenses from Newark to New York. The man who secured the idea and patented it, after treating the inventor in the royal manner mentioned, made a big fortune by his shrewdness. What became of the inventor is not known.

Another example of the lack of wariness in the average inventor's make-up is a man who has conceived almost as many novel ideas in a different way as has Edison in the electrical world. This man has made several fortunes and lost them. To-day he is as poor as a church mouse, but is hard at work on many new inventions, with some of which he promises to make a sensation. He came into prominence some years ago in connection with a nickel-in-the-slot machine that was patented in almost every country in the world. Leaving a partner to look after the interests of the firm in New York, the inventor traveled through the country selling state rights.

The state rights were gobbled up in every direction, and $125,000 was shipped in various sums to the New York office. One fine day the inventor, while enthusiastically pushing his work of selling state rights, received a telegram stating that the sheriff was in possession of the nickel-in-the-slot company's plant, and the firm was being sued by creditors. The inventor hurried back to find that the $125,000 had been quietly secured by the New York partner in his own name, while all that was left for the inventor was the plant and the debts of a clamoring army of creditors.

The courts could do nothing. So trustful had the inventor been that no legal artillery could be brought to bear on the case. The partner is now traveling through Europe on the money he secured, while the poor inventor is trying to retrieve his fortune in sackcloth, ashes and perspiration in a little four by six office near the city hall.—N. Y. Recorder.

It Was Auburn.

A San Rafael mother, with hair of a Titian hue, found it neccessary to correct one of her little boys for some trifling misdemeanor the other day. He took his scolding with a very bad grace, and walked sullenly away muttering his opinion of red-haired people in general and his mother in particular. He was called back and punished for his sauciness.

"Now," said the mother, "don't let me ever hear you say that I have red hair again. It is not red—it is auburn."

Next day the lady asked another of her boys to go in the house and get her parasol.

"Which one, mamma?" he asked. "The red one?"

"Ooh!" exclaimed the younger brother, who had been punished. "You mustn't say 'mamma's red parasol.' It is mamma's auburn parasol." — San Francisco Post.

Lack a Requisite.

Mose Johnson (at the club)—I say, feilahs, let's get up a football 'leven. We's all got big feet an' could put up a powerful strong team.

Sporty Jackson (derisively)—Talk a reef, dar; talk a reef. How's we gwine to grow long hair?—Leslie's Weekly.

ROAMING HORSES.

What to Do with Such Numbers Is at Present a Puzzle.

Imagine a herd of horses aggregating 125,000, for which no practical use can be found. Stockmen of the northwest are to-day considering what disposition can be made of this immense number of animals.

This great herd roams the prairies of Montana, North Dakota, Washington and northern Idaho. They are grazing upon grass that is required for the sustenance of cattle and sheep, and are practically worthless for any purpose. The cause of this condition is due to the bicycle and to street car systems operated by electricity and by cable, the use of which within the last few years has so largely done away with the employment of horses. In some of the districts named the horses are increasing so rapidly in numbers that they are actually crowding live stock, used for supplying the meat markets of the country, off ranges where they find grass on which to subsist.

The men who own this vast number of horses, ranging, as they do, over such a large expanse of territory, can devise no means of relief, and they are practically helpless. Excellent horses, unbroken, can be bought for from $5 to $15 a head, but even at this low figure no buyers can be found, while the horses, too valuable to be destroyed, and at the same time too expensive to keep alive, continue to multiply.

This surplus of 125,000 horses consists not alone of bronchos or cattle horses, but in it may be found such stock as coach and Clydesdale horses, nearly all of which, however, are unbroken. Among them are the descendants of some very high-priced stallions. One rancher near Walla Walla, Wash., has 3,000 horses on his range, all of which are finely bred. These he is willing to sell at ten dollars per head, "big and little," as the saying is among cattle men, which means colts as well as the grown animals. He can find no purchaser for his stock.

The question which is now agitating these stock men is: "What can be done to rid the ranges of this immense number of horses in order that pasturage may be provided for the large herds of cattle and sheep?"

In 1895 an experiment was tried with a view of providing a way out of the trouble. A plant was established at Portland, Ore., for the purpose of slaughtering horses and canning the meat for export to France.

The plant was operated less than one year, however, but it did not succeed. Horsemen then sought to induce beef slaughtering, packing and rendering establishments in the United States to take horses for slaughtering purposes, but the attempt failed. The packing house owners absolutely declined to add horse slaughtering and canning to their beef slaughtering industry, on the ground that if it became generally known that they were canning horse meat the sale of their canned beef would be materially affected, if not entirely destroyed.

Proprietors of rendering establishments refused to go west and buy horses "from the range" for the reason that they were able to obtain in the cities all the discarded horses they needed at a few dollars per head, or at the slight cost of hauling them from different parts of the cities to their establishments. Horse owners in the west were thus again disappointed in finding a market for their stock in large cities, as they had expected.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GIANTS SURVIVED THE FLOOD.

Tradition Declares That Others Besides Noah's Family Were Saved.

Among the many queer stories related in the old Jewish Talmud is one concerning the action taken by the great race of giants at the time of the deluge. According to Rabbi Eliezer, when the flood broke upon the earth, the giants exclaimed: "If all of the waters of the earth be gathered together they will only reach to our waists, and if the fountains of the great deep be broken up we will stamp them down again." The same writer, who was one of the compilers of the Talmud, says that they actually tried to do this when the flood finally came. Eliezer says that Og, their leader, "planted his foot upon the fountain of the deep and with his hands closed the windows of Heaven." Then, according to this same queer story, "God made the waters hot and boiled the flesh from the bones of the haughty giants." The Targum of Palestine also says that the waters of the flood were hot, and that the skin of the rhinoceros lays in folds because he was not allowed to enter the ark, but saved himself by hooking his horns under the sides of the vessel and floating with it. But the water which was directly under and at the sides of the ark was not hot—the rhinoceros loosened his skin swimming from a mountain peak to the side of the vessel. One account says that Og and another giant named Lami also saved themselves by taking refuge in the cool water under the edge of the ark's hull, along with the rhinoceros. One rabbinic authority quoted by Gould in his "Patriarchs and Prophets," says that Og saved himself by climbing upon the top of the ark, and that when Noah discovered and tried to dislodge him, he swore to be a slave to Noah's family forever, if allowed to remain.—St. Louis Republic.

An Aged Trick.

The schoolmaster gave a wild howl and fell with a bang from his wheel.

"What is it?" cried his favorite pupil, as she circled slowly around him.

"It's a tack," moaned the master.

"In your tire?"

"No, in my saddle." — Indianapolis Journal.

A Hard Question to Answer.

"Papa," said Arthur, "I read somewhere that people became what they ate."

"So it is said, my son."

"Then why don't cannibals become missionaries, papa?"—Harper's Young People.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is regaining his health by riding a bicycle.

—Gen. Booth has pressed living pictures into the service of the Salvation Army at the great exhibition in London.

—At the Central Presbyterian church, Atlanta, Ga., recently, Rev. G. B. Strickler delivered his farewell sermon to the congregation he has served for the last 13 years.

—"Our friends will kindly not trespass," is the unusual form in which the Mattituck, L. I., school authorities have put the notice to the public at the entrance to their unfenced schoolhouse grounds.

—Commander Ballington Booth recently stated that the Volunteers of America have 106 organized posts and 300 commanding officers, while the Volunteers' Gazette, the organ of the force, has a circulation of 15,000 copies.

—A gift of $1,000 has lately gone from Miss Caroline W. Bruce, of New York, to the director of the Lick observatory. This sum and a recent gift from W. W. Low, of New York, will be devoted to the purchase of needed apparatus, and will make possible the continuance of certain important work.

—The following persons have been appointed on the committee to superintend the building of the new Anglo-American church in Carlsbad: Her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the lord bishop of Norwich, Sir Edward and Lady Cavendish, Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, Countess Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt, New York.

—Mrs. Elizabeth H. Colt, who in 1869 erected as a memorial for her deceased husband the Church of the Good Shepherd in Hartford, Conn., at a cost of $200,000, has recently erected a handsome parish house in connection with that church as a memorial for her son, Caldwell Hart Colt, who died in 1894. No expense has been spared to make the building beautiful as well as complete in all its details.

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Figures Mounting Up as the Work of Excavation Goes Forward.

According to Scriptural chronology, the world is about 5900 years old, the theory most generally accepted being that the creation occurred 4004 years before the beginning of the Christian era. Profs. Haynes and Hilipracht, of the University of Pennsylvania, who have been conducting excavations in the ruins of the east, have recently made discoveries which seem to prove a high state of civilization 7,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Large numbers of stone tablets have been found in Nipur, the buried city of the Euphrates, which carry back human written history nearly 3,000 years further than any records heretofore known. Prof. S. A. Binion, an eminent archaeologist and Egyptologist, a member of the Biblical-Archaeological society of London, says: "Not a doubt has been expressed as to the correctness of the dates of the tablets taken from the prehistoric Nipur and which have just been deciphered. Assyrian chronology up the time of Sargon is not so much beset with obstacles as the Egyptian. Their scribes put down the dates, counting the years from the accession of the various rulers. The day of the month and the year are invariably given on these tablets, and as their months are lunar, bearing the same names and exactly corresponding to the present Jewish calendar, it is within easy reach of the chronologist." Nipur is upon the very spot where the Garden of Eden is thought to have been situated and a few miles from the Tower of Babel.

The ruins from which the tablets were excavated are under more than 36 feet of earth, upon the top of which were ruins of the ancient city of Nipur regarded by archaeologists as one of the oldest known.

Both of these cities, one under the other, had the same name, although they were separated by more than 5,000 years of time. Prof. Binion is of the opinion in his interesting review of archaeological discoveries printed in the New York Journal, that the first city of Nipur, the prehistoric city, was wiped out by the deluge described in the Bible. The excavations were begun in 1888, and through the munificence of friends of the University of Pennsylvania have been continued up to the present time. The explorers have been richly rewarded for their labors, although the result apparently upsets the reckonings of Biblical scholars.—Baltimore Sun.

The People of Seville.

The people were as gay as the town; too gay, too commercial, too modern, M. Maurice Barres thought Seville, Spain. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaic enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierpes during the day was the center of their gayety — Seville's Corso or Broadway or Piccadily. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awnings it was like a pleasant court; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their facade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertaining as it was willing to be entertained. The same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the latest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matador. But of this multitude of loungers, none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J. tried to sketch.—Elizabeth R. Pennell, in Century.

The Last Resort.

She—Alfred, there is nothing in the house to eat.

He—Oh, well, let us have a bread pudding.—Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

—He (at parting)—"Oh, Edith! You have broken my—" She (interrupting) —"Not your heart, surely!" He (sadly)—"No; my whole pocketful of cigars."—Somerville Journal.

—Author—"Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist." Author's Wife—"What makes you think that, Horace?" Author—"Well, every book I write becomes a drug on the market."—Boston Globe.

—"Young Mr. Spoonamore has a very resonant voice, Agnes," remarked her mother. "I could hear him distinctly when he was in the parlor last night." "Yes," replied Miss Agnes, with a little sigh. "His voice had a decided ring—but it was only in his voice."—Chicago Tribune.

At the Indian Camp.—Summer Resorter (to aboriginal basketmaker)—"And your ancestors once roamed these woods, and the white man was their prey?" Aboriginal Basketmaker—"And so he is now; only we prefer to have his money instead of his scalp."—Boston Transcript.

—"What's your name?" said the new school-teacher, addressing the first boy on the bench. "Jule Simpson," replied the lad. "Not Jule—Julius," said the teacher. And addressing the next one: "What is your name?" "Billious Simpson, I guess." And the new teacher had to rap for order.—Harper's Round Table.

—She Had Her Choice.—"And so she married a man named Smith. That shows she was pretty hard up." "On the contrary, she says she had her choice of names." "Had her choice of names and chose Smith?" "That's what she said." "Oh, well. I suppose she means her choice of his and hers, and she naturally chose his."—Chicago Post.

—Unappreciated Recitations.—A gentleman was assisting at a fair last winter by reciting now and again during the evening. He had recited once or twice, and the people were sitting about chaffing, when he heard one of the managers go up to the chairman and whisper: "Hadn't Mr. —— better give us another recitation now?" "No, not yet; let them enjoy themselves a bit longer."—Tid-Bits.

—Couldn't Fool the Father.—Wise Old Man—"What made that young man stay so late?" asked the father. "We got to talking about the coinage question," said the fair daughter, "and did not notice the flight of time." "I don't think that story will do," said the old man. "People who discuss the coinage question make a lot more noise than you two did."—Indianapolis Journal.

MEN WHO BUY NOT.

The Reason Newsdealers Use Rubber Bands on Magazines for Sale.

The man who gets up early in the morning so he can have a look at his neighbor's paper before the rightful owner has a chance to take it from his doorstep does not stand very high in the estimation of the newsdealer. This is because he spoils trade.

There is another man, however, who is even more cordially detested by the vender of periodicals. He is the fellow who never buys anything, but has the habit of dipping into the weekly papers and magazines. The keeper of a newsstand makes a tempting display of his stock, for he knows that a strong picture or even a pretty cover often brings him a stray customer, but he expects the mere looker-on to be content with this much, and he is likely to frown upon the man who resorts to all kinds of schemes in order to get a peep at the inside pages.

The stands in the ferry houses and railway stations suffer the most from these penurious cranks, for there is nothing else to attract their attention while they are waiting for a boat or a train. They run through the leaves of the latest books and magazines, and have been known to draw the tacks out of papers nailed up against the stand, so that they could see what was on the other side of the sheet. But it is not what they could see and read for nothing that worries the newsdealer. He would be willing to put up with that if it did not injure his stock. Indeed, he would much rather have a man take up a magazine bodily and carefully examine every page than to have him grab it by one corner and bend all the leaves in a surreptitious attempt to see the pictures. He would also rather have you ask him to hand you a periodical than to have you shove his stock all out of line while trying to see half the page that is hidden by a pile of other papers.

So great has this nuisance become that the newsdealers have had to adopt schemes for their own protection. The most successful, so far as preventing the leaves from being turned, consists of placing a rubber band around the top and bottom of the magazine and placing it on the top of each pile.—N. Y. Journal.

Friends in a Strange City.

That much ridiculed instinct which leads a crowd to collect without a clear idea of the reason for gathering, worked an unusual good at Tacoma, Wash., the other day. Somebody saw, early in the morning, a grief-stricken man walking toward the river with a small coffin. With him were his wife and a stranger who bore the coffin box. Without knowing just why, a man fell in behind them, another and another followed until there was a goodly company. At the river side strangers put the coffin into the box and placed it aboard the boat. A flower boy who had just landed and joined the crowd laid a wreath on the casket. All was done silently, and the father, as he embarked, turned and in tears returned thanks for having found friends in a city of strangers.—N. Y. Sun.

Sociability.

"What are you in for?" asked the resident lunatic.

"Fits," answered the new arrival.

"So am I. Have one with me, will you?"—Indianapolis Journal.